

EBEN HOLDEN

By IRVING BACHELLER

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The scene that followed I shall not try to picture. It was so full of happiness that every day of our lives since then has been blessed with it and with a peace that has lightened every sorrow. Of it I can truly say that it passed all understanding.

"Look here, folks," said Uncle Eben after a while, as he got his feet, "my feelin's hev been teched tight. If I don't hev some jolification I'll bust. Bill Brower, limber up yer leather a little bit."

Nehemiah, whom I had known as John Trumbull, sat a long time between his father and mother, holding a hand of each and talking in a low tone, while Hope and I were in the kitchen with Uncle Eben. Now that father and son were side by side we saw how like they were and wondered we had never guessed the truth.

"Do you remember," said Nehemiah when we returned, "do you remember when you were a little boy coming one night to the old log house on Bowman's hill with Uncle Eben?"

"I remember it very well," I answered.

"That was the first time I ever saw you," he said.

"Why, you are not the night man?" "I was the night man," he answered.

I stared at him with something of the old familiar thrill that had always come at the mention of him years ago.

"He's grown a little since then," said Uncle Eben.

"I thought so the night I carried him off the field at Bull Run," said Nehemiah.

"Was that you?" I asked eagerly.

"It was," he answered. "I came over from Washington that afternoon. Your father told me you had been wounded."

"Wondered who you were, but I could not get you to answer. I have to thank you for my life."

Hope put her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"Tell us," said she, "how you came to be the night man."

He folded his arms and looked down and began his story.

"Years ago I had a great misfortune. I was a mere boy at the time. By accident I killed another boy in play. It was an old gun we were playing with, and nobody knew it was loaded. I had often quarreled with the other boy. That is why they thought I had done it on purpose. There was a dance that night. I had got up in the evening, crawled out of the window and stolen away. We were in Rickard's stable. I remember how the people ran out with lanterns. They would have hung me—some of them—or given me the blue heech if a boy friend had not hurried me away. It was a terrible hour. I was stunned. I could say nothing. They drove me to the burg, the boy's father chasing us. I got over into Canada, walked to Montreal and there went to sea. It was foolish, I know, but I was only a boy of fifteen. I took another name. I began a new life. Nehemiah Brower was like one dead. In Fido I saw Ben Gilman. He had been a schoolmate in Faraway. He put his hand on my shoulder and called me the old name. It was hard to deny it—the hardest thing I ever did. I was homesick. I wanted to ask him about my mother and father and my sister, who was a baby when I left. I would have given my life to talk with him. But I shook my head.

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enough to eat for a time. We found a cave in a big ledge over back of Bull pond. Its mouth was covered with briars. It had a big room and a stream of cold water trickling through a crevice. I made it my home, and a tiny place it was, cool summer and warm in winter. I caught a cub panther that fall and a baby coon. They grew up with me there and were the only friends I had after Bony except Uncle Eben.

"Uncle Eben," I exclaimed.

"You know how I met him," he continued. "Well, he won my confidence. I told him my history. I came into the clearing almost every night. Met him often. He tried to persuade me to come home to my people, but I could not do it. He was insane. I feared something, and not know what. Sometimes I doubted even my own identity. Many a summer night I sat talking for hours with Uncle Eben at the foot of long pine. Oh, he was like a father to me. God knows what I should have done without him. Well, I stuck to my life, or, rather, to my death, there in the woods, strong fish out of the brooks and game out of the forest and milk out of the cows in the pasture. Sometimes I went through the woods to the store at Tifton for flour and pork. One night Uncle Eben told me I would go out among men to try my hand at some sort of business he would start me with \$1,000. Well, I did it. I had also \$100 of my own. I came through the woods at night. Bought fashionable clothing at Tifton and came to the big city. You know the rest. Among men my fear has left me. I wonder at it. I am a debtor to the love of Uncle Eben and the love of my people. I shall soon marry. I shall make me whole and I shall go back to my own people."

"And you gave them?"

"I declare," said he, "in all my born days never see such fun. It's tree-men-jous! I tell ye, them 'et takes care uv others 'il be took care uv—less they do it 'o purpose."

And when the rest of us had gone to bed Uncle Eben sat awhile by the fire with David. Late at night he came upstairs with his candle. He came over to my bed on purpose to see if I was awake, holding the candle above my head. I was worn out and did not open my eyes. He sat down snickering.

"Tell ye one thing, Dave Brower," he whispered to himself as he drew off his boots, "when some folks calls ye a fool 's a purty good sign ye ain't."

CHAPTER XXX.

SINCE that day I have seen much coming and going.

We are now the old folks—Margaret and Nehemiah and Hope and I. These others, with their rugged strength, their simple ways, their undying youth, are of the past. The young folks—they are a new kind of people. It gives us comfort to think they will never have to sing in choir or "pound the rock" for board money. But I know it is the worse luck for them. They are a fine lot of young men and women—comely and well-mannered—but they will not be the pathfinders of the future. What with balls and dinners and clubs and theaters they find too great a solace in the rear rank.

Nearly twenty years after that memorable Christmas, coming from Buffalo to New York one summer morning, my thoughts went astray in the north country. The familiar faces, the old scenes, came trooping by, and that very day I saw the sun set in Hillsborough as I had often those late years.

Mother was living in the old home alone with a daughter of Grandma Bissette. It was her wish to live and die under that roof. She cooked me a fine supper with her own hands and a great anxiety to please me.

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Late at night she came into my room with a candle. I heard her come softly to the bed, where she stood a moment leaning over me. Then she drew the quilt about my shoulder with a gentle hand.

"Poor little orphan!" said she in a whisper that trembled. She was thinking of my childhood, of her own happier days.

Then she went away, and I heard in the silence a ripple of measureless waters.

Next morning I took flowers and strewed them on the graves of David and Uncle Eben. There Hope and I go often to sit for half a summer day above those perished forms and think of the old time and of those last words of my venerable friend now graven on his tombstone.

I ain't afraid.

"Shamed of nuthin' I ever done. 'Althuss' kep' my tugs tight. Never swore 'less 'twas necessary. Never latched a fah' bigger 'n 'twas Er shed a tear I didn't hev to. Never cheated anybody but Eben Holden. Goin' off somewhere, Bill—dunno the way either—Dunno 't 's east or west or north or south. Er road er trail: But I ain't afraid."

THE END.

No Unpleasant Effect.

Early Risers for biliousness and constipation you know what real pleasure is. These famous little pills cleanse the liver and rid the system of all bile without producing unpleasant effects. Justice of the Peace Adam Shook, New Lisbon, Ind., says: "Some three years ago I had a spell of grip and felt out of sorts and I happened to get a trial box of Dr. Williams' Little Early Risers and they gave me strength and muscle." They do not gripe or make you feel sick. Sold by Jackson Drug Co.

The Photograph in the Moon.

Cyrano de Bergerac in his "Histoire Comique des Etats et Empires de la Lune," whose first edition is dated as early as 1650, relates that the genius that guided him to our satellite gave him for his entertainment some of the books of the country. These books are locked in boxes. "On opening the box I found inside a concern of metal, something like one of our watches, full of curious little springs and minute machinery. It was really a book, but a wonderful book that has no leaves or letters, a book for the understanding of which the eyes are of no use—only the ears are necessary. When any one wishes to read he winds up the machine, with its great number of nerves of all kinds, and turns the pointer to the chapter he wishes to hear, when there comes out, as if from the mouth of a man or of an instrument of music, the distinct and various sounds which serve the great Lunarians as the expression of language."

The Colonel's Waterloo.

Cul. John M. Ficker, of Honey Grove, Tex., nearly met his Waterloo on Friday and kidney trouble. In a recent letter, he says: "I was nearly dead of these complaints, and, although I tried my family doctor, he did me no good; so I got a 50¢ bottle of your great Electric Bitters, which cured me. I consider them the best medicine on earth, and thank God who gave you the knowledge to make them." Sold and guaranteed to cure dyspepsia, biliousness and kidney disease by the Jackson Drug Co., at 50¢ a bottle.

A Power.

"There, my son, that will do for this time," sternly interrupted the long suffering parent. "I don't know who was the first man to invent wrestling nor how many nickles make a nuckle nor how many a sailor smokes his hornpipe nor why God Friday never comes on a Tuesday nor why rabbits can't add, subtract and divide as well as multiply, nor why an owl should hoot and not howl nor the answer to any one of the many other foolish questions that you abnormally developed bump of ignorance forces you to propound."

"Yes, father, I don't want to ask any silly questions. This is a most important one. Please, do you think when a stout man is self contained he has more room inside of himself to contain himself in than a thin man has or is himself so big that he is just as tightly crowded inside of himself as the thin man is and have much of himself in it that is self contained and how much is on the outside does, the containing, and—"

"Clarence, go to bed this instant!"

Men Past 60 in Danger.

More than half of mankind over 60 years suffer from kidney and bladder disorders, usually enlargement of prostate gland. This is both painful and dangerous and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger, as it corrects irregularities and has cured many old men of this disease. Mr. Rodney Burnett, Rock Port, Mo., writes: "I suffered with enlarged prostate gland and kidney trouble for years and after taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure I feel better than I have for 20 years, although I am now 91 years old." Jackson Drug Co.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

I am a candidate for Representative of the counties of Breathitt, Mageroff and Lee, subject to the Democratic convention, or what action they may take. I am a Democrat of the old school, served four years in the Confederate army, have voted the straight Democratic ticket for 47 years, stood by all the nominees of the party, so I feel liberty and believe that I have the right to ask the party to send me to the Legislature, where I can continue to do the party good, as I have always been loyal to the party, also all of my relatives before me. So I hope the people will consider my right to call upon them and the one interest in which I pledge myself to serve.

J. P. MENCY.

THREE JURORS CURED

Of Cholera Morbus with One Small Bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Mr. G. W. Fowler, of Hightower, Ala., relates an experience he had while serving on a petit jury in a murder case at Edwardsville, county seat of Cleburne county, Ala. He says: "While there I ate some fresh meat and it gave me cholera morbus in a very severe form. I was never more sick in my life and sent to a drug store for a certain cholera mixture, but the druggist sent me a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy instead, saying that he had what I sent for, but that this medicine was so much better he would rather send it to me in the fix I was in. I took a dose of it and was better in five minutes. The second dose cured me entirely. Two fellow jurors were afflicted in the same manner and one small bottle cured the three of us." For sale by Jackson Drug Co.

Exact Obedience.

Native servants in India have the generally desirable, though sometimes inconvenient, virtue of the Chinese—doing exactly as they are told. The trouble is that they seldom use judgment.

Lord Roberts during a campaign in India had ordered his men to prepare his bath at a certain hour. One day a fierce engagement was going on, but the servant made his way through a storm of bullets and appeared at his commander's side.

"Sahib," said he, "your bath is ready."

Even a better story comes from an unknown soldier who was awakened one morning by feeling the servant of a brother officer pulling at his foot.

"Sahib," whispered the man, "sahib, what am I to do? My master told me to wake him at half past 6, but he did not go to bed till 7."

When your ship of health strikes the hidden rocks of Consumption, Pneumonia, etc., you are lost if you don't get help from Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. J. W. McKinnon, of Talladega Springs, Ala., writes: "I had been very ill with pneumonia, under the care of two doctors, but getting no better when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. The first dose gave relief and one bottle cured me." Sure cure for sore throat, bronchitis, coughs and colds. Guaranteed at the Jackson Drug Co., price 50¢ and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Bathers Who Sleep Floating.

"To fall asleep floating on the waves is not an impossibility," said an Atlantic City life guard. "On the sun warmed billows on an August afternoon I once floated off to sleep, and when I awoke I was nearly half a mile out at sea. I know a Camden man who often takes a floating nap off Chelsea."

A good many people can't float even though they can swim. They can't float because they keep the stiff of the body, from head to heels, stiff and straight. The line should be kept curved a little—it should resemble a very broad V—and all the muscles should be loose, relaxed. It is easy to float. I have taught many children of six and seven years to do it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Numerous and Worthless.

Everything is in the name when it comes to Witch Hazel Salve. E. O. DeWitt & Co., of Chicago discovered some years ago how to make a salve from Witch Hazel that is a specific for piles. For blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles, eczema, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin diseases DeWitt's Salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ask for DeWitt's—the genuine. Sold by Jackson Drug Co.

The Case of Adam and Eve.

"In a certain church in Colorado Springs," said an Oregon clergyman, "there used to be a queer old, crusty character, a Scot who was noted for his profound knowledge of the Scriptures. I lectured in that church one evening, and after the lecture the Scot and I and some few others fell into conversation."

"I was urged to put the old man's Scriptural knowledge to the test. I was used to question him and to let him question me. He would get the better of me that, every one said, was certain—but I had my doubts and, turning to the Scot, said confidently: "I will try you, my friend, with the grand, leading, insurmountable question. How long did Adam remain in a state of innocence?"

"The Scot answered: "Till he got a wife!"

"Then, with a grim chuckle, he went on: "But can you tell me, sir, how long he remained after?"

Cause of Insomnia.

Indigestion nearly always disturbs the sleep more or less and is often the cause of insomnia. Many cases have been permanently cured by Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by Jackson Drug Co.

One bottle of Smith's Kidney and Nerve Tonic cured Motion Hall of a weak back. It was so bad that he couldn't get up when he sat down without being in continuous rack of misery for at least one hour. Sold by S. H. Stridham & Son, Jackson, Ky. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

Very Low Rates West and Southwest via Southern Railway.

Low round trip rates every first and third Tuesday in each month. Two trains daily between Lexington and St. Louis—no change of cars—FREE RECLINING CHAIRS.

Only one change of cars between Lexington and the West, via SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Write for information, T. W. Crews, T. P. A., 111 East Main street, Lexington, Ky.

The Cool Man.

The superiority of those men who keep their tempers in public bodies is so apparent that coolness should be one of the first virtues to be cultivated there. The discreet member will regard public life of this kind as a school for nervous or impulsive men often in these positions, but a part of their tactics must be to resist them if they are to have hope of success. Nothing can be clearer than that it is for their interest to do so. The debater who keeps cool is sure to have his opponent at a disadvantage. The cool man is usually a master of sarcasm, which is an effective weapon in annoying an adversary, but a dangerous one also, because there is always the temptation to carry it too far. The men who have the widest influence are the good natured men, whose words leave no sting behind them.

Cures Rhod Poison, Cancer, Ulcers.

If you have offensive pimples or eruptions, ulcers on any part of the body, itching bones or joints, falling hair, mucous patches, swollen glands, skin itches and burns, sore lips and sores, eating, festering sores, sharp gnawing pains, then you suffer from serious blood poison or the beginning of a deadly cancer. You may be permanently cured by taking Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) made especially to cure the worst blood and skin diseases. Heals every sore or ulcer, even deadly cancer, stops all aches and pains and reduces all swellings. Botanic Blood Balm cures all malignant blood troubles, such as eczema, scabs and scales, pimples, running sores, carbuncles, scrofula. Druggists \$1.00. To prove it cures, sample of Balm sent free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter.

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